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## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of a Peeress; or, the Days of Fox.*  
Edited by Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols. 12mo.  
London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS work purports to have been written by some late Lady Blank, *alias* Asterisks, and to be only indebted to Lady Charlotte Bury for the duties of editing. How the case may be we cannot tell. The beginning relates to the follies and vices of the fashionable world half a century ago, and possesses considerable liveliness; and the latter pages bring us to the death and burial of Charles James Fox. Many of the characters are introduced in their own names, while others are mystified, but yet not so much as not to be readily recognised. The same may be said of the incidents, which are often real, though occasionally adapted to foreign localities and persons. The early career of the Prince of Wales and his associates is the staple of the performance; and the fêtes of Carlton House, Devonshire House, Ranelagh, and other rendezvous, of the gaiety of a preceding generation, are decked out with the tinsel and flowers, which cannot hide, but only add repugnance to the contemplation of the tomb.

The heroine is a country squire's daughter, who mixes with the *élite* of London, under her aunt, a beautiful, giddy, and imprudent duchess, whose frailty is severely punished. She herself marries a poor but most accomplished man, whose miseries and death, amid duns and bailiffs, afford other tragical topics. The originals of these pictures are easily to be traced; and this circumstance throws a doubt upon the alleged authorship of the memoirs. It is, however, a question of small consequence; and we shall merely offer a few brief extracts, to shew what sort of book the public have to expect.

"We dined the following day in St. James's Square; when Lord Rawborne's carriage, which was always sent for us, followed to the door the stately equipage of Lady Lavinia Shanstone. As we watched her ascend the stairs, escorted by her two tall daughters, Clara and Lavinia, my aunt exclaimed in a peevish tone: 'This is the first time my sister has found it convenient to drive here this winter; I lay my life that Medway has arrived.' 'Is she so fond, then, of her nephew?' 'So fond, that she wants to make him her son-in-law. Those horrid girls have enormous fortunes; and Lady Lavinia is wild to have them form great matches.' 'A saint, yet so ambitious?' 'A saint, because so ambitious. What but the desire of high distinction in paradise is the origin of saintship?'"

"My sanctimonious relatives added little to the conviviality of our family party. Lady Lavinia, a woman of narrow understanding, was the widow of a man rewarded by government with a baronetcy for the same line of conduct in the East, which afterwards brought Warren Hastings into Westminster Hall. Sir Obadiah Shanstone, on his return from Bengal, thought to gloze over, in the eyes of man, the sin of his low extraction, by bribing into wedlock the daughter of an earl; and to gloze over, in the eye of Heaven, the sin of his Oriental pcculations, by trying to make a conventicle of the House of Commons,

and assuming in the conventicle the dictatorial importance of a conscript-father. But Sir Obadiah was gone to his long—his very long, account, leaving to Lady Lavinia the disposal of his two tall daughters and half a million of Oriental amassings. The girls were of an age to be presented in society; but, as prayer-meetings and religious dissipation had not then been introduced into fashionable life, Lady Lavinia was perplexed in what way to reconcile her views for their aggrandisement with the forms of sanctity forced upon her adoption by her marriage. Lavinia, the eldest, was evidently a puritan at heart; but I sometimes fancied I detected a gleam in the dark eyes of my cousin Clara, indicative of the repressed gaiety of a child of perdition. In their mother's presence, however, both sisters maintained the rigid perpendicularity of the twin towers of Westminster Abbey.

Though London was then comparatively circumscribed, and the outworks of the great world were far more strongly set up against the approaches of aspiring opulence, society was less easy to collect into a focus. There existed, as in Paris, distinct societies of the court and the town; and Windsor Castle ate its roast mutton, while Carlton House fed upon devilled kidneys. Religion and politics, if less potential, were more polemic. People did not slide from a house where high church implied salvation, to one where low church was all in all; or glide from an assembly given by a Whig premier, to a ball graced by the blessed hierarchy of the Tories. There were as many divisions and subdivisions in society, as there are canals in the city of Ghent, where a thousand bridges are indispensable to enable neighbour A to live on neighbourly terms with neighbour B. Under such disadvantages, a general picture of society must be less accurate than at the present time, when all is imitation,—all echo,—all tautology;—when 'half the platform just reflects the other,' and the aristocracy of rank stands grimacing, like a posture-master on its pedestal, in order that its illegitimate brother, the aristocracy of wealth, may try to prove affinity, by aping every contortion, and out-vaulting every leap. Nevertheless, some generalities existed that serve to inscribe the epoch on my memory. Much as has been said of the demoralisation of the higher classes during the decrepitude of George IV., the demoralisation prevalent during his youth was far more remarkable. Paris, like a repentant Magdalen, affected, just then, on the death of a vicarious, and the accession of a virtuous sovereign, the most prudish propriety; and, as Horace Walpole used to say of France and England, that, 'like the sea and land, one could not gain without the other being a loser,' the vices put out of countenance by Louis XVI., took refuge under the protection of the Prince of Wales. Madame du Barri retreated into the obscurity of her pavilion at Luciennes, and the emblazoned chariot of a Perdita drove triumphantly through the parish of St. James. From the days of Alcibiades, however, to those of Brummel, fine gentlemen have existed, like excrescences on the oak, the disease and not the product of the age. It is rather from the women, the matrons of the times, I would draw deductions

of its morality; and I own that, in defiance of the example of a most domestic court, the noble ladies, my contemporaries, would have little to learn from the levities of their grand-daughters. Though less graced with superficial accomplishments than the damsels of to-day, our reasoning faculties were at that time better cultivated. We performed no miraculous concertos, competed for no prizes at the Society of Arts; but we were the chosen associates of a Johnson, a Cowper, a Sheridan. We listened more,—we chattered less. But this superiority of intellectual cultivation added only a new page to the annals of gallantry. It was only the conversion of Laïs into Aspasia. From Mrs. Robinson to my lovely relative, the danger was but magnified through the atmosphere of refinement surrounding the meretricious charms of the goddess of voluptuousness. In its highest circles of *haut ton*, London already emulated the witty profigacy of Paris under the sceptre of Louis XV., and the influence of a Boufflers and a Du Deffand. Of these, enough, and too much, has been consigned to us in the memoirs of their day. But, saving in the archives of Doctors' Commons, nothing remains to perpetuate the peccadilloes of our grandmothers; for England is a prude who, like the Spartan virgins, heeds not that her zone should be unbound, so it be done in silence and obscurity. Nevertheless, a few septuagenarians, like myself, are not hypocritical enough to witness, unmoved, the canonisation of our century. Like the devil's advocate-general, whose duty it is to plead against every new aspirant to the honours of the kalendar, I lift up my voice to attest that the last age was a sinner in its generation; and, unmisled by maternal blindness or bitterness, have no hesitation in tracing the effeminacy and fatuity of certain lords of the creation and the realm of the present day, to the enervating and vicious habits of their progenitresses. When I arrived in London, its ways were 'pleasant, but wrong.' It was something, at least, that they were 'pleasant;' for I have since found them 'wrong,' yet mightily disagreeable."

We conclude with one other morsel.

"Although a topic peculiarly unfitted to Rochester House and the prince's presence, there were few other times and places where the embarrassments of the prince were not just then discussed. From the day of obtaining his majority, he had laid the foundations of expensive buildings at Carlton House, and of debts of honour and \*\*\* innumerable. Every folly of the day grew to excess under his cultivation. He out-drove Sir John Lade—he out-died Charles Fox. Ten thousand guineas were expended in a single year on his toilet; and, between play-debts and debts of gallantry, the turf and the tailor's-shop, it was hard to say in what quarter his royal highness's pecuniary engagements lay heaviest. But the nation, or (as the London part of the nation is called) the public, was satisfied! So long as he shared his hazard with Charles Fox, his claret with Sheridan, not a syllable was to be said. The sordid respectability of Kew, or the petty German-courtliness of Windsor, might be lampooned by Wolcot, reviled by Junius, and

burned in effigy by Wilkes's mob;—while the fine, gay, bold-faced \*\*\* of Carlton House was a thing to be applauded in play-houses, and rewarded with prodigal grants by his majesty's court of parliament. Well!—Heaven mend us!—The cardinal virtues of this virtuous kingdom of Great Britain have ever been a stiff-necked and perverse generation! Time out of mind, our sovereigns expectant have waged war against our sovereigns regnant, with a ready faction at their heels; while the mob stands as patiently as a lord in waiting, with a mantle, purple and ermine, to throw over the raggedness of the prodigal son of majesty. The exemplary 'best of royal husbands and fathers,' with his experimental farms, and Handel, and Dr. Johnson, had not a huzza at command. The prince, who threw away on the bouquets of his footmen thrice as much as the Berkshire farmer on his turnip-fields,—whose anthems were opera airs,—whose Wyatt was Nuvoleschi,—whose West, Sherwin,—whose Johnson, Dick Sheridan!—the Prince was the universal idol!"

There is a good deal about the prince's marriage, and the Princess (afterwards Queen) Caroline, and, in short, about all the fashions who flourished from fifty to thirty years ago; and also about the politics of the day, Westminster election, &c. &c. &c. the which we now consign to the readers who want to learn how their predecessors acted on the stage of life, mingling notoriously in its vainest pursuits, phantasma, and crimes.\*

*The West Indies: the Natural and Physical History of the Windward and Leeward Colonies, &c. &c.* By Sir Andrew Halliday, K.H., M.D., &c. Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals. 12mo. pp. 408. London, 1837. Parker.

SIR ANDREW HALLIDAY, possessed of great medical experience, and rich in general information, was, it seems, driven to the West Indies by an enemy whom neither his experience nor his information could conquer, viz. the gout; for relief from which malady he sought a warm climate, and, while resident in it, found the remedy he anticipated. On his return home, however, his adversary again assailed him; and, in the present instance, he has endeavoured to mitigate his inflections by writing the volume before us.

Whatever the limbs or body may be, it is evident that the mind has not suffered; for the work is full of useful observation, embracing various sciences, statistics, remarks on slavery and the abolition, diseases, religion, commerce, history, natural phenomena, and popular characteristics.

Barbadoes was the first island visited by the author; where, speaking of the mortality among the troops, he observes:—

"It would be both wisdom and humanity, as well as great economy, to throw aside all the English and Irish contracts for salt beef and pork, and allow the commissariat on the spot to procure those supplies of fresh meat and vegetables which are required for the proper nourishment of the troops, and are so important as regards their health and efficiency. I state it from authentic documents, and the fullest information collected on the spot, that there is not a colony, or corner of a colony, where British troops are quartered, in the West Indies, that is not capable of supplying these troops,

\* It may be noticed, as a coincidence, that, whilst writing this review, we see the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert announced in the Brighton papers, at the great age of 83. Her part in the affairs of these times was not one of the least influence and importance.

whether few or many, with fresh beef of the best quality, and at a cheaper rate, than what the salt provisions cost the country before they are delivered out to the soldiers' messes. This of itself, one would imagine, was sufficient to cause inquiry; but when I add, that more than a third of that mortality which is so dark a feature in our colonial military service, is occasioned by that rottenness of the constitution which is produced by improper and unwholesome diet (and I do not state this upon slight or untenable grounds), it is a question that ought seriously to engage the attention of our civil, as well as our military rulers. The salted meats, I readily admit, are the best that can be procured, and are most excellent of their kind; but to the soldiers in the West Indies they are doubly pernicious. In the first place, they do not furnish a sufficient quantity of nourishment to the body, while the superabundance of the muriate of soda, as every physician knows, produces that unnatural and unhealthy state of the blood which is so characteristic of a scorbutic tendency; and, in the second place, this diet excites such a craving for liquids that no resolution nor strength of mind can overcome it. Hunger is a severe suffering, but thirst is far more distressing; and, were death in the cup, it could not be resisted. Why, then, I would ask, persist in measures, neither called for by necessity, nor recommended by economy, and which are so conducive to the irregularities of the soldier, and so fatal to his health?"

Of British Guiana we have long and particular details; but we can only copy a little bit of animal anecdote, and a curious account of medical education, as specimens.

"The little wren which I have already mentioned seems to be so alarmed and annoyed by what is here called the lazy-bird (the *Cuculus rufus*), that she seeks and avails herself, as much as possible, of the protection of man, building her nest in the most frequented rooms of the house. One actually hatched and reared her young brood under a table in the mess-room of the 25th regiment, at Eve Leary barracks—a room frequented by hundreds daily, and where noise and uproar generally prevailed for half the night; yet nothing seemed to disturb her. To hang up an empty soda-water bottle in the open veranda is considered by this bird as a great boon; as in it she finds a retreat which the lazy-bird cannot reach: yet it is a most remarkable fact, that, should the lazy-bird succeed in getting her egg placed in the little wren's nest, she not only hatches it, but is most indefatigable in procuring food for the ravenous maw of the alien monster that has destroyed her own natural off-spring. Here, as in Europe, the young of the foster-mother disappear as soon as the young cuckoo is hatched. Can it be a recollection of the cruel fate of her own young, and of the additional labour she will have to undergo, that makes her thus so persevering in her endeavours to escape from the pursuit of her remorseless persecutor? I saw a lazy-bird to-day follow a wren into the drawing-room at Camp House, and was with difficulty driven out, and prevented from taking possession of the wren's nest."

The medical system is capital: passing our College of Physicians, or Surgeons' or Apothecaries' Halls, though they may be as useful and advantageous as Pe-ai-ism, is nothing to it!

"All knowledge which the natives possess of the virtues of plants has been handed down by tradition. They have no written language; yet they can cure ulcers, destroy the poison of venomous snakes, and allay the symptoms of various diseases, with perfect success. Their

doctors are a distinguished and a greatly privileged class: they are called Pejmen, pronounced Pe-ai-men; and, before the young aspirant can obtain his degree, he has to undergo a rather severe apprenticeship. It is thus described by my excellent friend, Dr. M'Turk, who was at pains to make himself master of the whole proceeding:—"The person who is desirous of learning the art, or whatever it may be called, applies, either personally or through his father, to the elders of the family of the pejman who is to teach him. The pejman hears the applicant patiently, who relates to him his history, and that of his family, and where he resides: these statements proving satisfactory, the pejman takes his pupil the first night apart from every house or dwelling, and sings and bellows over him the whole night, occasionally puffing tobacco-smoke in his face. This ceremony being over, which commences at six o'clock in the evening, and continues till six o'clock in the morning, without intermission, he is put into the pej-house (a house built and used for no other purpose), closed in at top and sides, leaving only a small aperture for a door, which, when shut, renders the inside quite dark. Here the new initiated remains for a week, seated night and day on a block of wood—no bed, hammock, or any article of furniture whatever, allowed in the house; in this condition he is attended by the pejman every night, who performs the same ceremony as at the beginning: he also visits him daily, on which occasions he gives him to drink a quantity of tobacco-water, which vomits him until he is quite exhausted. The only food that is allowed him is about an ounce of cassava-bread, and about the same quantity of dried fish, and a little water, daily, which he can seldom use from the disturbed state of his stomach. At the end of the week the pejman gives him, by way of a finale, a calabash-full of paiwary, a drink made from toasted cassava-bread steeped in water, which forms a fermented intoxicating liquor: this quantity (about a gallon) he has to drink at one draught, which is sure to vomit him; he is then taken out of the pej-house, looking more like a spectre than a human being. It takes some time before the new pejman can walk about, and until his strength is restored, or that he can take his departure for his home. The pej-houses are now very rare. About twenty years ago there was a large establishment of this sort on the Abanacry Creek, in the Essequibo River, where, at stated periods, the pejmen assembled to perform their exorcisms, and examine the younger pejmen. A father cannot teach a son, nor a son a father: at least, it is not the custom."

Tobago, Trinidad, &c. are also illustrated by Sir Andrew; but we have only space to notice, that the principal feature of his book is a theory that the whole of the Caribbean Islands are the product of a vast volcanic stream, thrown off after the formation of the Andes; and the course of which, over the crust of the earth and through the sea, along the track of the hurricanes, from the equator to the Gulf of Mexico, has produced all these islands. Of the value of this opinion we cannot judge; but it is strongly supported by the able and ingenious author.

*Piso and the Prefect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE cannot consider this to be a very felicitous design, though there is much cleverness in its execution. If a modern writer of a different nation, with different manners, tries to take an ancient people "off their stilts," he cannot

help putting them on ground which they never trod. Thus Romans become partly Englishmen; the rest being supplied from Adam's Antiquities, or some such source of information upon customs, manners, and habits. It is true we may be told that human nature is pretty much alike in all times and climes; but it is so modified by circumstances, that we can no more suppose a beggar or a citizen of imperial Rome to resemble an Irish mendicant or alderman of London, than that our lord-mayor is like a Cherokee chief, or our Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench like a palaver-holding African caboccer.

In the story before us, Piso, the last of the illustrious Calpurnian race, returns to Rome from Athens, where he has been for his education; and takes up his abode, in a retired family villa, with his uncle, Scribonius Mummius, a pedantic piece of a philosopher. Their entrance into the home of his ancestors will afford nearly all the illustration we think it needful to adduce of the character of the work.

"Welcome, O Piso, to the home of thy forefathers! Under this roof thou first sawest the light; and though, alas! it seemeth cracked in many places, it may yet afford thee shelter. Here, I trust, thou mayest at least dwell in peace,—perhaps in comfort. Rich, indeed, thou art not; but Cleobulus, the son of Evagoras, hath informed us that a measure is the best." Here the sage paused for a moment, and, observing that his auditor was attentive, waved his hand gracefully, and proceeded with his discourse. "These are the images of your ancestors, O youthful scion of an ancient stock! How awfully do their dark countenances frown upon us from the walls! How majestic are their features! How dignified is their aspect and appearance! Amongst these thou wilt find the most distinguished characters of ancient Rome. That venerable statue with the broken head is no other than the great Pompey; the noseless one beside him is the wealthy Crassus; and there stands Pliny, the statesman and philosopher, whose wife was thy great-grandmother. But stay," continued the speaker, as he walked across the apartment; "let us examine these inestimable relics with more attention: if my memory fail me not, I can give thee information touching them on more points than one."

"This image to the right of Numa," said he, "represents a very different sort of person; a man of whom much may be said, although his history is comparatively little known. He was, once upon a time, a great military commander. He was valiant to a fault, and possessed many other very excellent qualities besides. Unluckily, however, his temper was somewhat irregular and hasty. That is a memorable anecdote which Seneca relates concerning him. He tells us that, a soldier having returned from a foraging expedition without his comrade, he was charged with having slain him; and Piso sentenced the supposed offender to be decapitated. His head was on the block, his neck stretched out to receive the stroke of the axe; when the traitor whom he was accused of having murdered returned unexpectedly to his post. The centurion, whose duty it had been to see the sentence performed, stayed the proceedings, and led back the culprit, with his companion, to the general; thus making manifest the innocence of the former, while the whole army followed them with acclamations of joy. Now, a moderate man, under such circumstances as these, would probably have pardoned the two wretches at once; but your ancestor, in a rage, gets him up to the tribunal,

and forthwith condemns them both—the one for returning without his comrade, the other for lingering behind; unto which barbarous decree he adds the condemnation of the centurion, for having dared to postpone the execution of his own accord. Thus were three innocent persons put to death as a punishment for the guiltlessness of one."

"The grim-looking personage now before you," continued Scribonius Mummius, advancing a few steps with his nephew, in the course of their progress round the room, "was celebrated in his day for having attempted one of the most barbarous and savage murders on record; an attempt, however, in which he failed. He, and his accomplice, Marcus Silius, were detected with daggers in their hands, prepared for the assassination of their patron, Quintus Cassius, at that time governor of Spain, and under whom they both held inferior posts; your ancestor being the treasurer of the province, and his confederate something else. Yet, strange to say, they both escaped unpunished, notwithstanding the enormity of their offence, and the clear evidence on which it had been proved; for such was the avarice of the governor that he could not resist a bribe, even from the hands of those who had so treacherously conspired against his life. He consented to let them off for a valuable consideration, amounting to about a hundred and ten thousand sesterces between the two; and it was facetiously said at the time, that, had they been able to come down with a still more considerable sum, he would rather have permitted them to accomplish their purpose, as originally designed, than have rejected the cash."

So much for the past. The uncle and nephew mingle with the society of Rome under the Pretorian prefect, Vitalianus, and his gladiatorial wife, Laurentia Ogulnia; and their dresses, feasts, actors and theatricals, gluttony, drunkenness, intrigues, and quarrels, are all related as faithfully as the materials to which we have alluded enabled the author to compass. We cannot say that we are much interested in these exploits; and have only to conclude with a specimen of a pseudo-Roman trait of Basilides of Antioch.

"Clad in flowing robes of embroidered silk; sparkling all over with jewels of inestimable worth; his head crowned with a tiara; his neck encased with caranets, and his arms bound with bracelets; his eyebrows tinged with black, and his cheeks dyed with vermilion: this singular personage (the most illustrious Pantominus of the age) sailed slowly into the room. Then, approaching his noble entertainer, he salaamed in the truest oriental style, lifting up his hands till they almost touched his head, and bowing down his head till it almost brushed the ground. Meeting with a reception of corresponding affability,—for, indeed, the prefect was more than usually polite,—he proceeded to the pronunciation of an exhortatory speech in language much disfigured with provincialisms. 'E ope'd,' he began, 'that is ighness would pardon im for not harriving beaulier; but really the eat ad been so hoppable hall the morning, that e could not find it in is eart to ury the bearers of is litter; oo, poor devils! were valmost hexhausted and quide hout of breath before they reached the hent of their journey, is ouse being a long way hoff, hat the hother side of the Haventine III.' The prefect admitted the apology as valid, though he could not help smiling at the strange phraseology in which it was couched. He had, however, often heard the language of Rome

before; for, whatever may be alleged by Caledonian critics on the subject, the abuse of the aspirate has not always been confined to the modern populace of Cockney-land."

*Observations on the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Record Commission, in 1836, and the Report, so far as it refers to the Irish Records.* By Sir W. Betham. 8vo. pp. 28. Dublin, 1837. Curry and Co.; London, Groombridge; Boone.

The worthy and intelligent Ulster King of Arms, having been much misrepresented in some of the evidence given before the committee, has not deemed it consistent with his high station in the literary world, and character as a conservator of Irish records, to sit silently down under these interested imputations. On the contrary, he has in this pamphlet given them such answer as a gentleman would give; and, if the truth be told, it is, in the way of fact and argument, a very complete one, both as respects himself and the state of the records in Ireland. But it is not so much our province to enter into this "very pretty quarrel," as to refer to what must possess more general interest; and, in this point of view, we think the following quotation will deserve the best consideration of the public at large:—

"If (says Sir William) the committee had properly examined into the Irish records, and sifted the business properly, much valuable information would have been elicited, and the impertinences by which their attention was drawn from the true state of things, exposed. The committees of the House of Commons are formed of twelve or fourteen gentlemen, most of whom, and often all, but slightly acquainted with the rules and laws of evidence; the consequence of which is, that nine-tenths of what is called the evidence taken before them is not entitled to that name, but consists of crude thoughts, surmises, wishes, and opinions, generally speaking of little value, often worse than useless. The witnesses are not examined on oath, nor subject to any pains or penalties for not speaking the truth. Again, they are frequently volunteers, offering their testimony in support of a friend, or offensively against any one to whom they feel an enmity. In short, most of the witnesses are partisans on one side or the other, as may be sometimes the members of the committee; and the examination is often conducted in the most offensive and ungenerous manner, evidently more with a view to inculpate than to elicit truth. Men are allowed to make statements affecting the reputation of absent individuals, without the power of contradiction or cross-examination. These are printed and distributed to the public before the accused are even aware of their conduct being called in question. Public officers are particularly obnoxious to this injustice; for, if they do, in fact, they will not fail to give offence, and incur the animosity of those whose unjust, unreasonable, or improper requests have been refused. A committee of the House of Commons, on any subject connected with their department, affords a favourable opportunity of revenge; and, like dismissed servants, they endeavour to criminate those who were too honest to comply with their demands. The good old maxim of *audi alteram partem* is neglected; and the accused must remain under unjust censure, or appeal to the press for his justification. The volume of the Report, &c. of the Committee on the Record Commission is a fair specimen, in every respect, of such proceedings. It consists of about 1100 pages. How much grain is to be found in this mass of chaff, let any lawyer, who knows what evidence is, declare. Will he report that there are one hundred pages of evidence in it if he were asked to write a treatise about it? The remainder is, for the most part, mere rubbish, on which no rational proceeding ought to be based. It might be worthy of consideration, whether, in all committees before which evidence is to be taken, a barrister of a certain standing should not attend as an assessor, to correct the exuberance of testimony, and prevent the printing of such nonsensical rubbish as is annually indicted on the public, at an enormous expense, under the false appellation of evidence. Would it not, also, be an equitable regulation, where the conduct or character of any individual be impugned, especially if he be a public officer, that he should be sent a copy of the evidence against him as soon as taken, and be summoned to attend the committee forthwith, to explain and justify himself, if he be able, and be confronted with his accusers? If this plan were adopted, the precious time of the committees would be saved; their labours diminished; great diminution would take place in the expense of printing; and the nauseous labour of wading through masses, perhaps, of malicious scandal, and intolerable nonsense, which those who read the Parliamentary Papers, for the sake of ascertaining valuable facts on any particular subject, are now condemned to endure, would be spared."



for, assuredly, there would not be so many volunteer witnesses, if their inanity or malice were to meet immediate exposure and contradiction, and consequent rebuff. The committee would very often expunge their statements, and censure their impertinence; and, in cases where there was any doubt, the charge and explanation of the accused would go forth together, which is but just. It is important to ascertain the opinions of individuals who are eminently qualified by their talents, acquirements, and attention to given subjects in which they are distinguished and eminent; and such opinions partake of the nature of evidence, and are valuable: but opinions, thoughts, surmises, or hearsays, criminating or affecting the characters of individuals, should never be allowed to disgrace the printed evidence, unless the accused has been also heard in explanation or defence. The most worthless individuals are those who attack others secretly, and it frequently occurs, that justice requires the accuser and accused to change positions; and no system affords such facility as the committees of the House of Commons, for the criminal to become an accuser, or for a worthless and incapable person to force his way into notoriety, for the purpose of attaining place and patronage."

Such criticism does not apply to any one committee of the House of Commons alone—there is much in it which it would be well if every committee of that house, and every member of it, took seriously to the reflection of their closets; and, if they did, there would be infinitely less private wrong and public folly than is now committed under circumstances which seem to guarantee the people of England from suffering in either way. The most inefficient and uncertain, and often unjust, tribunal in the kingdom, is a committee of the lower house; swayed by self and party interests, beyond the belief of any man out of the sphere of actual observation.

*The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.* 12mo. Pp. 367. London, 1837. Bentley.

THIS is a reprint of a very clever and characteristic little book (published, if we remember rightly, at Richmond, United States, and partly previously in some Nova Scotia Journal\*); and is, even with its localities (less attractive to European readers), altogether a very amusing performance. The Yankee pedlar of Mr. Hill is of the same genus, and those who have seen him upon the stage will have a tolerable idea of Mr. Slick. The work, we have heard, is from the hand of Mr. Haliburton; and, though he is not a clock-maker, neither is he a book-maker, in the obnoxious sense of the name. On the contrary, he has drawn the Yankee in small compass, but imitatively well; and the lesson taught the Nova-Scotians, by contrasting his activity, industry, and acuteness, with the opposite qualities in them, is one which ought not to be thrown away; nor will it, if talent and humour can point a moral.

The introductory letter is a fair specimen of the whole.

"To Mr. Howe.—Sir, I received your letter, and note its contents. I aint over half pleased, I tell you; I think I have been used scandalous, that's a fact. It warn't the part of a gentleman for to go and pump me arter that fashion, and then go right off and blurt it out in print. It was a nasty, dirty, mean action, and I don't thank you nor the squire a bit for it. It will be more nor a thousand dollars out of my pocket. There's an end to the clock trade now, and a pretty kettle of fish I've made on it, hav'nt I? I shall never hear the last on it; and what am I to say when I go back to the States? I'll take my oath I never said one-half the stuff he has set down there; and as for that lochrum about Mr. Everett, and the Hon. Alden Gobble, and Minister, there aint a word of truth in it from

beginnin to eend. If ever I come near hand to him agin, I'll larn him—but never mind, I say nothin. Now there's one thing I don't cleverly understand. If this here book is my 'Sayings and Doings,' how comes it youn or the squire's either? If my thoughts and notions are my own, how can they be any other folks'? According to my idee, you have no more right to take them than you have to take my clocks without payin for 'em. A man that would be guilty of such an action is no gentleman, that's flat; and if you don't like it, you may lump it—for I don't valy him, nor you neither, nor are a blue-nose that ever stept in shoe-leather, the matter of a pin's head. I don't know as ever I felt so ugly afore since I was raised; why didn't he put his name to it, as well as mine? When an article han't the maker's name and factory on it, it shows it's a cheat, and he's ashamed to own it. If I'm to have the name, I'll have the game, or I'll know the cause why, that's a fact? Now folks say you are a considerable of a candid man, and right up and down in your dealings, and do things above board, handsum—at least so I've heard tell. That's what I like; I love to deal with such folks. Now 'spose you make me an offer? You'll find me not very difficult to trade with, and I don't know but I might put off more than half of the books myself, tu. I'll tell you how I'd work it. I'd say,—'Here's a book they've namesaked arter me, Sam Slick, the clockmaker; but it tante mine, and I can't altogether jist say rightly whose it is. Some say it's the general's, and some say it's the bishop's, and some say it's Howe himself; but I aint availed who it is. It's a wise child that knows its own father. It wipes up the blue-noses considerable hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy neither; but it's generally allowed to be about the prettiest book ever writ in this country; and, although it aint altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartain; for there are some queer stories in it that no soul could help larfin at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever se'd. It's nearly all sold off, but jist a few copies I've kept for my old customers. The price is jist 5s. 6d., but I'll let you have it for 5s., because you'll not get another chance to have one.' Always ax a sixpence more than the price, and then bate it, and when blue-nose hears that, he thinks he's got a bargain, and bites directly. I never see one on 'em yet that didn't fall right into the trap. Yes, make me an offer, and you and I will trade, I think. But fair play's a jewel, and I must say, I feel ryled and kinder sore. I han't been used hansum atween you two, and it don't seem to me that I had ought to be made a fool on in that book arter that fashion, for folks to laugh at, and then be sheered out of the spec. If I am, somebody had better look out for squalls, I tell you. I'm as easy as an old glove, but a glove aint an old shoe to be trod on; and I think a certain person will find that out afore he is six months older, or else I am mistaken, that's all. Hopin to hear from you soon, I remain yours to command,

"SAMUEL SLICK."

"Pugnose's Inn, River Philip,  
Dec. 25, 1836.

"P.S. I see in the last page it is writ, that the squire is to take another journey round the shore, and back to Halifax with me next spring. Well, I did agree with him, to drive him round the coast; but don't you mind—we'll understand each other, I guess, afore we

start. I concait he'll rise considerable airy in the mornin, afore he catches me asleep agin. I'll be wide awake for him next litch, that's a fact. I'd a ginn a thousand dollars if he had only used Campbell's name instead of mine; for he was a most an almighty villain, and cheated a proper raft of folks, and then shipped himself off to Botany Bay, for fear folks should transport him there. You couldn't rub out Slick, and put in Campbell, could you? that's a good feller; if you would I'd make it worth your while, you may depend."

We will not enter into the main story, but pick out a few of the *dicta* put into the watch-maker's mouth, which will slightly shew the astuteness of his impersonation.

"What a pity it is, Mr. Slick," (for such was his name); "what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time!" "I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about house of assembly. If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is all owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt, and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human nature, that they never come out of it."

Taking a small penknife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood which lay on the hearth; and, after musing some time, said, "I guess you've never been in the States." I replied that I had not, but that, before I returned to England, I proposed visiting that country. "There," said he, "you'll see the great Daniel Webster; he's a great man, I tell you; King William, No. 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator; he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your house of commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked; he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular cute lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once, tho'. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so, says he, 'Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?' 'Why,' says Daniel, 'let me see, I have to go down south to Washington to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati, to attend the convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you, may be, more than you'd be willing to give.' Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this; for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all: at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? 'Why,' says Daniel, 'I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it,

\* The story of Alden Gobble and Abernethy the surgeon, was copied from this source into the *Literary Gazette*, last year. No. 1036.

and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heard tell of any harm in 'em, except going the whole figure for General Jackson, and that everlastin', almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers; I hope they'll go to the Webster ticket yet, and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford; say 1000 dollars.' The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but he was pretty deep too; so, says he, 'Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there: if I give you the 1000 dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?' 'Yes,' says Daniel, 'I will, to the best of my humble abilities.' So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker, he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, 'what will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1000 dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and, as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you;' so he got 300 dollars from one, and 200 from another, and so on, until he got 1100 dollars; just 100 dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this. 'What!' said he; 'do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?' 'Friend Daniel,' said the Quaker, 'didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine.' Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this. 'Well,' says he, 'I guess I might as well stand still, for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence, any how;' so he went good-humouredly to work, and pleaded them all."

"No; if you want to know the inns and the outs of the Yankees — I've wintered them and summered them; I know all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plaguy sight more. It tants them that stare the most, that see the best always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them (I warnt born blind, I reckon), but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin' children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, 'Juno, it's better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.' \* \* \*

"It is in politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een amost sure to get one not so good as his own. My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter, whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know. \* \* \*

"The English are the boys for tradin' with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather — it flies all over the thrashin' floor; but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

*Murray's Summer in the Pyrenees.*  
(Second notice.)

WE resume our pleasant task of making our readers better acquainted with these volumes; and first we select a tribute to the Spanish national character, which only causes us to lament the more its being defaced and degraded by the horrid continuance of intestine war. Our countryman has had a faithful guide, who is taking leave of him; and he tells us:—

"Before quitting me, he gave me voluntarily some information regarding the character of his countrymen. He said, 'You will, in all probability, be soon among my countrymen; if not in Spain, you may still meet with them in the mountains, and may chance to have to apply to them either for food or shelter. Do not believe what is said as to their being a savage and revengeful people; their enemies belie them. When injured, they do, indeed, seldom forget it, but they as seldom forget an act of kindness; and if, from mistake, they have committed an act of injustice, they will ever afterwards endeavour, by every means in their power, to efface it. Trust them, and you will find them worthy of your confidence; use them kindly, and they will, as I would wish to do now, follow you any where.' Since I heard Francisco repeat this little episode, I have seen something of Spanish character, and heard more; but I have never had reason to doubt the truth of what he said."

The chief industrial pursuit in the range of the Pyrenees is in smelting iron, which is performed in a rude manner; and the primitive state of the whole may be gathered from a glance at one portion, the Val d'Urdino.

"This is one of the richest and most fertile of the lesser valleys of Andorre; and the greater part of it, including the forge, belongs to one proprietor, who, consequently, is the wealthiest individual of the republic. I inquired of an Andorrian, what might be the amount of yearly income enjoyed by this great man; and the answer, which I received in French, conveyed most perfectly the benefit which a person unacquainted with the luxuries of life, supposed the possession of a large income conferred on its possessor: 'Il a quatre-vingt francs à manger chaque jour.' This would give an income of a thousand a-year, or perhaps one-fifth of the whole revenue of Andorre. I endeavoured to ascertain how this individual came to acquire such large possessions, but I could not discover any thing further than that his family had held them for a long period. Urdino is a considerable village; the inhabitants of which, having little property of their own, necessarily depend upon the 'great man' of the place for employment. The forge employs, for six months of the year, a great proportion; the remainder are engaged in cultivating the land, or tending the flocks. Urdino was the village in which the four Carlist officers had been murdered by a party of the Christinos three days before I reached it. They had, however, confined themselves to the slaughter of the officers, and had done no injury to the inhabitants of the place. The forge is very much larger than the others of Andorre; and, although the machinery connected with it is but of very simple construction, still, the great advantage of capital is apparent in all its arrangements. Most of the other forges in the mountains are stopped working as soon as the weather, breaking up, prevents the mules bringing the mineral over the mountains, or the charcoal from the forests; but, at Urdino, there is always a large supply of both ore and charcoal, far beyond what is

necessary for the immediate consumption; so that, when all the forges of the country are at a stand, the forge of Urdino is giving employment to many individuals, and is profitable to its proprietor. Having examined the interior of the forge, we went into the posada of the village, to replenish our wine-skins before ascending the mountains. The price of the wine amounted to two francs and a half; and I handed the hostess a five-franc piece in payment. She had, however, no change to give me; and she went out to borrow it from her neighbours. She was some time in returning; and, upon Etienne's interrogating her concerning the cause of the delay, it appeared that it arose from the difficulty of collecting the two francs and a half in the village; and it had been only after borrowing a few sous from many different individuals that the sum was made up. From this great scarcity of money, I inferred that the 'great man' paid his labourers in 'kind.' The house in which the gentleman lived was a large, square, and ugly looking building in one of the dirty lanes of the village; and I could not help being astonished, that the owner of so many beautiful sites for a place as this valley offered, should have preferred being surrounded by the dirty hovels of the village. One cause of his living in the village might arise from the great difficulty which, in many winters, he would have experienced in reaching his forge, by reason of the snow-storms, even although he resided but a very short distance from it."

The account of Andorre itself, of which we spoke in our last No., is very interesting; and we will try to separate a few of the descriptive paragraphs.

"The republic of Andorre, situated upon the southern side of the Pyrenees, and beyond the natural frontier of France, ought, from its physical position, to belong to Spain. It is, however, considered as a neutral and independent province, although it is to a certain extent connected with both countries; to Spain by its religious — to France, by its civil government. The history of this little country presents a phenomenon well worthy the attention and study of the naturalist and the politician. It affords the almost solitary instance of a people, few in number, and, in comparison with their powerful neighbours, almost incapable of defence, having preserved, during twelve centuries, their independence and their institutions, uninjured by the many revolutions which have so frequently convulsed the two great kingdoms which surround it. The contented and unambitious minds of its inhabitants, with their seclusion from the world, and indifference to, or ignorance of, the political intrigues and commotions which have overthrown and subverted its many states, have for such a length of time secured to them, as the feudatory republic of France, more real and substantial liberty than was ever enjoyed under the purest of the Italian republics. Andorre is composed of three mountain valleys; of the basin formed by the union of those valleys, and its embouchure, which stretches towards the Spanish Urgel. Its valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in the Pyrenees, and the mountains, with their immense peaks, which inclose it, amongst the highest and most inaccessible. Its length from north to south may be six-and-thirty miles; from east to west, thirty. It is bounded on the north by Arriège; on the south, by the district of Urgel; on the west, by the valley of Pailas; and on the east, by that of Carol. It contains six communes; Andorre, the chief town, Canillo,

Enchamp, La Massane, Urdino, Saint Julien, and above thirty villages or hamlets. The government is composed of a council of twenty-four; each commune electing four members, who are chosen for life. The council elect a syndic, who convokes the assemblies, and takes the charge of public affairs. He enjoys great authority; and, when the assemblies are not sitting, he has the complete government of the community. It is to Charlemagne that Andorre owes its independence. In 790, that prince having marched against the Moors of Spain, and defeated them in the neighbouring valley of Carol, the Andorrians (following the tradition of the country, the only, but in a state like this the best, authority to rely upon), rendered themselves so useful to the French army,—supplying them with provisions, and taking care of their wounded,—that the emperor, to recompense them for their kindness, made them independent of the neighbouring princes, delivered them from the Moors, and permitted them to be governed by their own laws. After him, Louis le Debonnaire, whom the Andorrians style the Pious, having driven the Moors across the Ebro; ceded to Lisebus, the bishop of Urgel, a part of the rights over Andorre which Charlemagne had reserved to himself and his successors. It was in virtue of this grant that the Bishop of Urgel acquired a right to a part of the tithes of the six parishes, and still exercises a spiritual jurisdiction over the country. This is the only manner in which it has any dependence upon Spain."

Its successive governments being described, Mr. Murray adds:—

"Andorre is altogether independent of Spain; and, as regards France, the annual payment it makes to that country is only in lieu of certain privileges which it enjoys from it; while, there being so little crime in Andorre, the appointment of the French judge has been more with a view to deter criminals of that country from taking refuge in the neutral province, than for the punishment of its natives. Andorre may, therefore, be justly considered as the oldest free republic in existence. The population is from seven to eight thousand; quite great enough for the resources of the country. The Andorrians are all of the church of Rome, and very religious. The members of their clergy are in general natives; and they, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants, receive their education at Toulouse or Barcelona. Each curé, in addition to his pastoral duties, has the charge of a school, where the poor are instructed gratuitously; but this does not give him much extra trouble, few of the peasants thinking it at all necessary to send their children to school to acquire what, in their land of shepherds and labourers, they imagine can be of little consequence to them in their future lives: this erroneous impression is the cause why few of the natives have more learning than is sufficient to enable them to read and write; and the great majority are in total ignorance of even these first principles. The Andorrians are simple and severe in their manners, and the vices and corruptions of cities have not hitherto found their way into their valleys, still, in comparison with the rest of the world, the abode of virtue and content. The inhabitants live as their forefathers lived a thousand years before them; and the little they know concerning the luxuries, the arts, and the civilisation of other countries, inspiring them rather with fear than envy. Their wealth consists in the number of sheep or cattle they possess, or the share they may have in the iron-forges, only a very few of their number being the proprietors of any ex-

tent of land beyond the little garden which surrounds their cottage. Each family acknowledges a chief, who succeeds by right of primogeniture. These chiefs, or eldest sons, choose their wives from families of equal consideration with their own, reprobating mes-alliances, and looking little to fortune; which, besides, is always very small upon both sides. The eldest sons have, even during the lives of their parents, a certain status, being considered as the representatives of their ancestors; they never leave the paternal roof until they marry; and, if they marry an heiress, they join her name to their own; and, unless married, they are not admitted to a charge of public affairs. When there are only daughters in a family, the eldest, who is an heiress, and succeeds as an eldest son would do, is always married to a cadet of another, who adopts her name, and is domiciliated in her family; and, by this arrangement, the principal Andorrian houses have continued for centuries without any change in their fortunes, *ni plus riche — ni plus pauvre*. They are married by their priests, after having had their bans, as in Scotland, proclaimed in their parish church for three successive Sundays. The poorest of the inhabitants are, in Andorre, not so badly off as in other countries: their wants are few and easily supplied, the opulent families taking care of those who are not; and they, in gratitude, honour and respect their benefactors."

Our author gives us many details of Christiano and Carlist warfare: but we have enough of these in the political journals; and it is dreadful to contemplate the scourge, wasting with rapine and massacre abodes which should be those of peace and innocence. Some of the anecdotes of Guerilla exploits are also striking and romantic, though hardly less violent and murderous. These we pass for two commercial notices, of considerable interest.

"Great complaints have been made against the French government on account of the quantities of stores which have been conveyed to the partisans of Don Carlos, through the Pyrenees; and the authorities of that country have ever been accused of conniving at the infraction of the law. There never has been cause for such complaints; and such insinuations are most unfounded. Every one who has visited the wilds of the Pyrenees must be perfectly sensible of the impossibility of completely preventing smuggling upon the frontiers of the two countries. The whole troops of France could not, supposing they were stationed along the frontier of Spain, be an adequate security. Hundreds of the paths among these mountains are known only to the natives, or to those engaged in the illegal traffic. Soldiers and douaniers may be posted in the valleys and outlets; but they cannot be quartered upon the mountains and among the precipices. They may keep a tolerable sharp look-out so long as daylight permits them to see about them; but, when night comes, and the contrabandiers are at their work, the soldiers and douaniers must return to their quarters in the valleys. They might as well search for a needle in a haystack, and with as much probability of their finding it, as endeavour to hunt the smugglers of the Pyrenees in the dark: and the utmost that the French government can, under such circumstances, and using the greatest possible vigilance, be expected to accomplish, must be merely to increase the dangers of his trade, by throwing a few additional obstacles in the way of the contrabandier; but, not diminishing its profits, the inducements to smuggle are

still the same as before, and increased difficulties can be overcome by increased exertion. Don Carlos must receive supplies from France; and, so long as he has money to pay for them, he will continue to do so. The additional restrictions of the French government, and the vigilance of their douaniers, may, indeed, raise the price of his necessities, and thus occasion his resources to disappear the sooner; but, so long as he can afford to pay the contrabandiers of the Pyrenees, they will work for him, and supply his wants; nay more, if they have faith in his success, they will, and can, give him credit. There is another cause which greatly favours Don Carlos in drawing supplies from France: it is the universal discontent which prevails throughout the whole of the French frontier departments, induced by the stagnation of the commerce which they carried on with Spain. In many districts, the Spanish wool was bought in great quantities, manufactured into cloth in France, and resold in Spain. Thousands of mules, not only those bred by the peasants in the Pyrenean districts, but from Poitou and other central departments, were annually exported into Spain. These, as well as many other sources of profit to the French inhabitant, are now, by reason of the present war, drained up; but, as those individuals, thrown out of employment, cannot live on air, numbers of them are reduced to earn their bread illegally, who, previous to the disturbed state of the adjacent provinces, were honest and industrious members of the community. \* \* \*

"Government (says a well-informed French gentleman) will not allow the inhabitants, within a certain distance of the frontier, to erect machinery for commercial purposes; and, although the southern districts have complained of this great hardship, over and over again, to the Chamber of Deputies, by means of their representatives, whom they have latterly elected solely upon condition that they should exert their influence to obtain for them the removal of this grievance, they have never yet been able to succeed in their endeavours; and we are obliged to go on in our old way, when, by having justice bestowed upon us, our districts would become the most flourishing in France." He attributed the continuance of this oppressive and impolitic law to the partiality of the government shewn to the northern districts: they send a greater number of deputies to the chamber; and they legislate for the south as it suits their convenience. There is no such oppressive tax upon industry on the northern frontier; on the contrary, every encouragement is held out to its inhabitants; but here, in the south, our commercial spirit and enterprise are cramped and checked by laws of the most arbitrary as well as impolitic nature. From the great advantages which we possess, by our situation enabling us to employ the most extensive machinery—so great is the water power which we could call into requisition—and our vicinity to the market where we procure the raw material, we could afford to sell our produce much cheaper than we can at present do; and we could give constant employment to a much greater number of our countrymen. And this injustice is not confined to our particular district, nor to the article which we manufacture; but the whole frontier is included in the law which prohibits the erection of machinery: and thus the commercial exertions of the inhabitants of a country some hundred leagues in length, and ten broad, are paralysed. But the people of the south of France are beginning to be sensible of the injustice that is done them by the government, and will



eventually force an acknowledgment of their rights.' This is but a solitary instance of the internal misgovernment of France, particularly as regards her commercial laws, many of which are of the greatest detriment to her interests, and must ever prevent her becoming a great commercial nation. Were the commercial laws of France revised, and placed upon the footing which, for the good of the nation, they ought to be, there could be no limits set to the prosperity which would reign throughout the interior, and which, at present, is confined to a few maritime towns and districts. And were Great Britain, at the same time—studying her true interest, in preference to harbouring a foolish and altogether unfounded feeling of jealousy against France—to act in the same spirit, so as to render the advantages which both the countries would acquire from a more liberal commercial intercourse reciprocal, she would find a mart for her commodities of ten times more value to her than half her colonies and possessions. France produces some articles which Great Britain naturally cannot do, or unattended with great expense. Great Britain, on the other hand, can never fear competition with her manufactures from France; that country does not naturally possess the materials for constituting it a cheap manufacturing country, which Great Britain enjoys to an unlimited extent. It is, therefore, most ardently to be hoped, that the present good understanding which subsists between the two countries may continue; that such useful and profitable changes in the laws, which regulate their commercial intercourse, may take place as is absolutely necessary for their mutual welfare; and we may rest assured, that, when such alterations have been effected, the peace and happiness of Europe will be more securely established by that act than by all the treaties which have ever been signed: it will then be based upon the surest of all foundations—mutual interest. Whenever the feeling has grown up in France and England, that they are mutually dependent upon each other, that their best interests render it necessary that such should be the case, all jealousy and rivalry between them must subside; friendship (interested although it may be at first) will take their place, and all the world will be benefited by it."

We conclude (the first volume only) with a notice of bone caves, and an anecdote and description.

"In one of the caverns in the rocks opposite to Ussat have been found a great quantity of human bones, mingled with those of bears and other animals; which is not, however, a very difficult circumstance to account for, as those caves have, undoubtedly, at some period or other, been inhabited as dwellings by the peasantry, in the same manner as those in the freestone rocks on the banks of the Loire, and other places, where thousands of the labouring population are at this moment residing. In a warm climate these houses in the rocks are far more comfortable than those built in the open air; they preserve a more equal temperature: in summer they are not too hot, and in winter they are much warmer. Chimneys are pierced through the rock in every direction; and it is a curious sight to see the smoke bursting as if it were through the solid rock, where the situation of the cabins would, but for that circumstance, remain undiscovered: or, in other places, to observe a long line of windows, with their sashes and glass, in the face of a high wall of rock. Sometimes, when care has not been taken in scooping out these dwellings, the roof gives way, and the families are for ever

buried in the mass which falls upon them. Some years ago a marriage party had assembled in one of those dwellings, and, with music and dancing, were spending the evening in the greatest hilarity. The happy bridegroom had gone to the door to bid a friend who was leaving the party good-bye, when the roof came down upon those who were in the interior of the dwelling, and all of them perished in the midst of their joy and mirth, the bridegroom alone escaping the untimely fate of his wife and relations. \* \* \* At Tarascon I was exceedingly amused with a mistake committed by a gendarme, who had demanded my passport. After having examined it he returned it to me, satisfied that it was perfectly regular. 'You are from Ecosse?' said he. 'Yes,' answered I. 'And, pray, in what part of France is Ecosse situated?' inquired the officer of peace. 'In the north,' said I. 'Oh, yes!' said he, 'now I recollect perfectly well; we passed through it on our way to join the army in Flanders.' The valley of Arriege, between Tarascon and Foix, assumes a more quiet and gentle character; mountains and sterile rocks giving place to hills whose slopes are productive in grain, and whose warmer and more sheltered nooks are clothed with vineyards. The manner in which the vines are planted and trained is peculiar. In all the corn-fields the stones, which would otherwise encumber the soil, are gathered in heaps of various forms and sizes; among these heaps of stones the vines are planted and trained over them on poles or espaliers: the effect of this arrangement is beautiful; and the corn-fields may be taken for a garden, the knots of vines for its parterres. I left the mountains to visit Foix, because I was most anxious to see a place whose ancient barons had entwined their names so gloriously in the history of their country; in early times by their power and grandeur as feudal princes, in later times as statesmen and warriors."

#### *Semilasso in Africa.* (Conclusion.)

LEAVING Keruan, of which the accounts are the most interesting of any in these volumes, the traveller proceeded to Irudsa, looking for Spetla, the ancient Sufetela; and thence through a valley with many traces of ruins: and he says:—

"At the end of an hour, the *schausch*, whom we had despatched for that purpose, returned with the joyful intelligence that he had discovered a camp hidden in the corner of a valley; and thither our tribe of locusts (for such we were to the poor Bedouins) moved as fast as they could. We found only a miserable *duar*, where we could get nothing but milk for ourselves, and *cuscussu*, without meat, for the suite; but a very tolerable provision of barley for the horses. For my own part, I had greatly improved in abstinence, and from Keruan to Keff, a journey of twelve days, had scarcely tasted meat; my usual food had been two hard eggs daily, but, on an average, I had drunk twenty or thirty glasses of milk, sometimes with, and sometimes without, water. I recommend the same regimen to every traveller in these regions in summer: it restores one almost to primitive innocence, like a child at its mother's breast. On the following day, we rose before the sun, and, as nobody exactly knew the way to Spetla, soon succeeded in losing ourselves in the rocky defiles, out of which it was difficult to find a practicable path for our mules, some of which stumbled. Shortly before, we came quite unexpectedly upon the ruins of a great city, partly built on prismatic hills,

similar to those before described, and which, though it lies much more northerly than is laid down in Shaw's map, was, doubtless, the ancient Clima. Many foundation-walls of various dwelling-houses, and the traces of some temples, were plainly to be discerned, as well as the defences of a citadel, of which there still remains a half-tower, and in the valley several pillars, and a long street or broad wall; it is no longer possible to distinguish which. Further off stands a kind of gate, formed by three colossal stones, not unlike the druidical remains in England and Brittany, but whose destination here was not quite evident to me. Fragments of columns and cornices lay about in abundance, but I saw no inscription. We hurried over these ruins, however, because our whole attention was directed towards Spetla, whose remains Shaw considered as the most interesting and important in all Barbary. I may remark here, once for all, that if I seldom quote any other modern writer than the often-cited Shaw, it is because few have written about them, still fewer seen them, and almost all have only servilely copied him."

The remains of Sufetela itself do not agree with Shaw's description: they are, however, of a splendid kind; and we rejoice to learn that we are likely to have a more ample and accurate account of them from Sir Grenville Temple than M. Semilasso has been enabled to give. Advance we, therefore, to "the Smella of Ain Ranim, where the Bedouin governor-general lives (as reverend an old man as King Solomon, whom his son at our night's halting-place does not at all resemble), is probably the largest *duar* in the kingdom, as it consists of several hundred tents, which occupy the whole of a small mountain valley. The number of dogs doubles that of the tents; and one dare not go about the *duar* without some kind of weapon, on account of these animals, as the savage ones frequently attack a stranger in right earnest. It is, however, worthy of remark, that madness is unknown among them. In the tent where the governor has his harem, I saw three beautiful falcons, very different from ours, sitting with their hoods on: they hunt both birds and hares with them with great surety. They were moulting, so that we could not make trial of their dexterity. They are ready for the field in October. To make us amends, a very pretty little daughter of the *Caid*, a child about five years old, gave us a specimen of her abilities: she was a perfect little devil, climbed like a squirrel to the top of the highest tent; then threw herself upon a horse, and rode about full tilt; next wrestled with the boys, and began to throw stones with them in such a style, that we grown-up people very soon had enough of it. In spite of her courage, however, both she and the boys ran away in the greatest terror when I looked at her through my glass; and nothing could prevail on her to remain when I brought it again to my eye. She took it for an evil eye to a certainty, when it was only a weak one. Her father was much diverted with the joke; he was the first Bedouin I ever heard talk politics, while the others know nothing of the rest of the world beyond their Smella. He was supported by a negro hamba, a freedman of the Sapatapa and Exclusives of Tunis, who was here on an embassy. The result of their observations was by no means flattering to us; for they maintained that, since the death of Napoleon, there was only one celebrated man in the world worth speaking of—Mehemed Ali of Egypt. The first ruin we met with on the following day shewed traces of an amphitheatre,

quite destroyed, and the remains of temples, and some mansoleums; but they were of no interest. Perhaps this might be the ancient Sufes. Towards noon we reached a singular rocky region, where we breakfasted in a grotto, before which flowed a clear mountain stream. The rocks in this ravine have exactly the appearance of an ancient pavement under foot; and around, that of walls, constructed by human hand as regularly as if they were squared throughout. Here were seeming balconies, supported on brackets; in another place columns and pillars, none bearing the smallest appearance of vegetation. Even near the brook there was nothing of the kind to be seen, and the water purled over loose pebbles. Further on, where the brook fell into a deeper basin, we saw some women washing linen by stamping on it with their feet,—the universal method of washing here, where nearly every thing is done in a manner precisely the reverse of ours. For example, the Arabs mount their horses on the right side; write from right to left; wear the crooked sabre with the concave side in front; let the beard grow, and shave the head; sit on their own legs instead of a chair; eat their bread hot, and their meat cold; take their soup at the end of the meal, instead of the beginning; bare their feet instead of their heads on entering a room,—and many other things in like manner. If our laundresses chose to adopt the Arabian fashion, they would have a double advantage: they could wash and knit at the same time. You see I profit by my travels. We afterwards saw a man pass on horseback who had put meat under his saddle, in the manner of the Tartars, to make it tender; by which means it really becomes tender, and better flavoured, than it does by all the beating the cutlets get with us, to soften their dispositions."

Thugga is another site of antiquarian interest, which is slightly touched upon.

"I knew (says the prince) that on the following day we should find the ancient Thugga; but, as Shaw, the only traveller who has mentioned it, dismisses it with a few words, I was not at all prepared to find a place which, for its environs and the interest of its antiquities, I must declare, unconditionally, to be the best worth seeing of any in the kingdom: its magnificent monuments would have attracted the observation of every traveller, even in Italy. The very first glance raised our astonishment to the highest degree; for Thugga, whose name has in so long a time undergone no further change than to Dugga, has the finest situation of any city that we had seen; it is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on rock-crowned hills, girded with a plain of varying width, on its side again inclosed by high mountains. The greater part of these mountains are overgrown with wood, and the plain is most carefully cultivated, partly laid out in corn-fields, and partly in plantations of olive, of extraordinary thickness and freshness. The hills on which Dugga itself stands are nearly covered with a forest of olives, so dark, in many places, that the sun can hardly penetrate, and from among those bluish verdure the imposing ruins of the ancient city stand out on every height and declivity. It is to be lamented, that the modern village is built among the ruins, because it destroys the better part; but, as, fortunately, the modern houses are constructed of rough unchiselled stone, without roofs, have no windows outwards, and the doors are, for the most part, formed from the fragments lying about, it requires a practised eye to distinguish these decaying walls from

those of the ancient city. I myself thought, at the first glance, that only the old Thugga lay before me. There is scarcely any kind of building, of which an interesting specimen may not be found here; and every where in the dwelling-houses, pillars, architectural decorations, and inscriptions are to be found. One cow-shed contained in this manner a tombstone, and a superb fragment of a pillar bearing the inscription that it had been erected to the honour of the Emperor Antoninus Pius; and, a little further off, the yet perfect gate of a large palace, rearing itself high over the modern erection, led to a dark and dirty hole, the abode of the bitterest penury. Among the ruins, which have a circuit of two leagues, a large temple, with its portico almost perfect, stands conspicuous. At the back the roof had fallen in, within the last ten years, we were told; the gable was yet undecayed. This temple, decorated in the Corinthian style with great richness and elegance, has the form of a parallelogram; its length, including the portico, is about seventy feet, and its breadth, thirty. The pillars, which are all built of one piece and in admirable harmony, are thirty feet high; and, at the base, have a diameter of four feet and a half. On the field of the gable, on one side, is a colossal eagle in alto-relievo; on the other, the decoration has fallen down: the inscription of the frieze is almost entirely broken off. Shaw has given a copy of this inscription; but, like that given of Spetla, it does not at all agree with the few words that are still legible. It has an almost touching effect to find a stork's nest on the point of the gable, directly over the head of the eagle: it was a pity that the inhabitant was at its summer residence in Europe, where, perhaps, some of my readers may have seen him stalking gravely about, while we were looking at his empty house."

We conclude with a legend of this temple:—"This temple was probably dedicated to Jupiter, as the first word of the inscription on the gable field seems to be 'Jovis'; the eagle, also, indicates such a destination. It, perhaps, owes its preservation chiefly to a phenomenon of nature, or to a superstition, that Dugga is one of the places where no scorpion can live; and none are really ever found here. The Thaleb of the Shechs related a singular fable concerning this peculiarity, as we reclined under the shade of the pillars on my carpet: we were obliged to spread it here, upon heaps of dried dung, which covered the floor of the temple, because it was the only shady place; we took, however, the precaution to lay some mats obtained from the Bedouins undermost. 'A powerful king and sorcerer,' said the Thaleb, 'lived here in ancient times, who had a most beautiful daughter. To preserve her from the bite of the scorpions, which then swarmed here, he drew a magic circle in the air around, within which no dangerous animal could live. When the beautiful princess was of a marriageable age, a neighbouring giant, who was also a powerful magician, demanded her hand, but was refused, as an ugly, deformed, and wicked man. He brooded long over schemes of vengeance, without finding a favourable opportunity of wreaking it, because the art of the good king far surpassed his own. On the approaching marriage of the fair princess with a beautiful young prince, whom the fame of her extraordinary charms had brought from a distant country, one of his evil geni instructed him in the following diabolical artifice. He changed himself into a female eagle, built a nest upon a neighbouring rock, and laid two

eggs; in each of which he inclosed a poisonous scorpion. He knew that the princess was passionately fond of eggs, which were brought to her of all kinds, as there was no surer method of earning her favour. It happened she had never tasted an eagle's egg, and rewarded the bringer with the most favourable glance of her starry eyes. The finder of this new delicacy was no other than the bridegroom himself, in whose hands the wicked magician had contrived the fatal eggs should fall. Scarcely had the prince given them to her, on the evening preceding the wedding-day, than the princess, with the eagerness of a spoiled girl, whose wishes must all be gratified at the moment, desired to enjoy her feast; but no sooner had her tender fingers touched the shell, than the sting of the poisonous reptile darted forth, and wounded the beautiful princess so severely that her life flowed forth with her rosy blood. The tender-hearted prince died a few days after in grief and despair. The inconsolable father built this temple, and caused the figure of the eagle to be represented on it, in memory of this melancholy occurrence; soon after he, also, sacrificed within its walls the treacherous giant, whom he easily caught by means of the legion of spirits that were at his command. Since that time,' concluded the Thaleb, 'the custom has prevailed with us, that no bridegroom shall see his bride before the wedding-day; and none of our girls need fear a similar destiny, because no scorpion dares come within a league round Dugga.'"

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

[Third notice: conclusion.]

AFTER Scott's marriage, the present volume continues the narrative of his domestic affairs, and legal and literary pursuits, to the year 1804, when the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Sir Tristrem," were published. His correspondence with Heber, Ellis, Ritson, and other lovers of antiquarian research in literature, is interesting, but we find nothing in it which we can separate for extract. Some unfinished poems, and other matters, illustrate this period of his career, before he achieved the more distinguished honours of the pen: and the whole makes us look with great avidity for the next volume.

*Memoirs of the Life and Works of the late Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.* By his Son, the Rev. John Sinclair, M.A. &c. &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1837. Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THIS is a most worthy monument of filial love, to which few parents were ever better entitled than the late Sir John Sinclair. The review of such a life, too, is replete with instruction; and these volumes cannot be read without contributing eminently, and in many ways, to the improvement of the reader. There is, first, the example of how much sterling good may be done by one man, during a long life devoted to useful and beneficial objects. Then there is the light which he throws upon a number of topics of much public importance, few of them so confined to bygone times as not to be applicable to present circumstances. The integrity of purpose throughout all his inquiries; the genuine philanthropy of all his plans and projects; the direct-mindedness with which he approached, and the almost unparalleled perseverance and industry with which he pursued, every object which he considered would advance the true interests of his country, and the comfort and happiness of his fellow-creatures, point



out this record of the labours of Sir John Sinclair as a production eminently entitled to attention and respect.

*Observations on the System of Currency adopted in this Country.* By W. H. Morrison, Esq. 8vo. pp. 74. London, 1837. Capes.

THIS is a very able work, and full of valuable information; not the less valuable for being clearly and skilfully applied to establish the writer's arguments. The absurdity of restricting our standard of value to gold coin is demonstrated; and it is equally demonstrated that, if the standard of both metals is to be (canelessly) rejected, silver alone would be infinitely superior to gold. There are also many important remarks on the subject of coinage; and, altogether, the great questions connected with the circulation of the country are discussed with much practical knowledge and soundness of judgment.

*The Chase, the Turf, and the Road.* By Nimrod. With Illustrations by Henry Alken, and a Portrait by D. Maclise, A.R.A. 8vo. pp. 301. London, 1837. Murray.

THE papers which compose this sporting volume appeared originally in the *Quarterly Review*; but are now written up to the latest period, and capitally illustrated by the pencil of Alken, and a striking likeness of the author, engraved by E. Finden, after Maclise. The fund of information given on hunting, horseracing, and travelling, is of real and actual value to almost every inhabitant of our locomotive land; and the acute remarks and amusing anecdotes, in his own peculiar way, with which the writer has diversified his work, make it one of entertainment, quite as much as of utility.

*The Poetical Works of W. Wordsworth.* Vols. V. and VI. London, 1837. Moxon.

THESE volumes most worthily complete this very neat edition: the whole is a treasure of poetry—of deep and amiable thought—of the finest sympathy with nature; all that can ennoble and exalt the human mind, nothing to pervert or debase it.

*Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, from the Facts and Laws of the Physical Universe; being the Foundation of Natural and Revealed Religion.* By John Macculloch, M.D. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Duncan.

THIS work was completed seven years ago, and, therefore, owes nothing, either for the original idea or for its construction, to the Bridgewater Treatises. The melancholy death of its author has added to the disadvantage of appearing after the publication of these volumes; but it is, nevertheless, so comprehensive,—we may say so universal,—and so powerfully written, that it may well take its place, in the higher literature of our country, with the foremost and most successful of these productions. The object is the same, viz. to “prove from the facts of the material world the existence of God, together with such attributes of his character as can be deduced by reasoning from those evidences.” In this great attempt, the immense and profound knowledge displayed is an honour to the human mind: it shews what it is capable of performing, when cultivated; till man, indeed, for intelligence, may be declared to be but a little lower than angel. From creation, the author traces the progressive changes of the earth, and brings enlightened views of every science to bear upon the question. Animal and vegetable structure and functions; organisation, capacities, adapta-

tion: all the phenomena of nature, in short, are examined and expounded; and, in the end, the continued action and superintendence of an omniscient and omnipotent Deity is deduced as an inevitable consequence from the matters explained and the principles laid down. As essays on these various subjects, even without the metaphysical results and religious truths with which they are inseparably connected, the statements of Dr. Macculloch are admirably instructive and full of intelligence.

*Johnsoniana; or the Supplement to Boswell. Being Anecdotes and Sayings of Dr. Johnson, &c.* 8vo. Pp. 530. London, J. Murray.

DELIGHTFULLY and most interestingly illustrated with portraits, views of places, rendered celebrated as the *locale* of events intimately connected with the lives of eminent persons, facsimiles of various kinds, &c. &c. This volume is a perfect treasure of fine art and anecdotal literature. If Joe Miller has been popular, generation after generation, for *facetie*, what ought we to expect for a publication in which Johnson flourishes as the Joe Miller of wisdom? The piquancy and the instructive character of this collection ought to recommend it to equal favour; and the superior style and beauty with which it is “got up,” must make it favourite for the best libraries, while its fund of entertainment fits it for the lighter amusement of every class of readers.

*Highland Rambles, and Long Legends to shorten the Way.* By Sir T. Dick Lauder, Bart., author of the “Account of the Moray Floods,” “The Wolfe of Badenoch,” “Loch-andhu,” &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1837. A. and C. Black.

WITH some remarkably clever etchings by W. Dyce, Sir Thomas Lauder has here produced a very agreeable and interesting work. A Highland tour, with several friends, leads, not only to picturesque descriptions of scenery, and general observation, but to the introduction of romantic legends, and details of some of those extraordinary events which occurred to tartan chiefs and clans in days of lawless turbulence and barbarous chivalry. It is with regret that we are compelled to put such pleasant pages aside with only the tribute of praise, and without any extracts to justify our favourable opinions; but the truth is, we found any detailed example of moderate length quite impracticable, and the shortest of the “Long Legends” is far too long for our limited space. We can, therefore, only promise readers much gratification from these remarkable stories.

*The Philosophy of Living.* By Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., Senior Surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital. Pp. 319. London, 1837. J. W. Parker.

THE result of much experience and observation, this is a practical work of high value. The pages are worth guinea-fees to doctors; and there is so much excellent advice, that it is only to be hoped none of it will be thrown away.

*England under Seven Administrations.* By Albany Fonblanque. 3 vols. London, 1837. R. Bentley.

MR. FONBLANQUE is well known to the world as one of the ablest political writers of the day. His papers in the *Examiner* newspaper could not be read without stamping their author as an individual whose pen did honour to the periodical literature of his country, high as that branch of its literature has been raised by some of the principal journals, not only of the metropolis, but of the provinces. His style is eminently pointed, epigrammatic, and trenchant—

almost the *beau idéal* of political partisanship. With regard to his principles or opinions, we have nothing to say; but justice demands from us to state, that this collection of his essays and remarks on most subjects which have occupied public attention for the last ten years, prove him to be a man of very superior talent in the walk of life to which he has devoted himself.

*The Science of Botany,* by Hugo Reid. Pp. 103. (Glasgow, Reid.)—Simple, elementary, and explanatory, this is an excellent little book to teach the young and uninitiated to enjoy the pleasures of botanising whenever they stroll into field, wood, or garden. We strongly recommend it to attention.

*Miscellaneous Papers on Scientific Subjects, written chiefly in India,* by T. Seymour Burt, Esq. &c. 12mo. pp. cire. 200. (London, Allen and Co.)—Well may this collection be called *Miscellaneous*, for the papers treat of Indian antiquities and languages, spherical mirrors, mathematical instruments, the making of salt, the question of lunar atmosphere, the magnetic needle, the construction of chimneys, gunpowder, and mining, &c. &c. We have heard how dangerous too much learning may be; and, perhaps, too much science is not quite safe.

*A Practical System of Algebra,* by Nicholson and Rowbotham. The third edition, very greatly improved. Pp. 313. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—We should scarcely have thought of noticing a book so well known and appreciated as the *System of Algebra* of Messrs. Nicholson and Rowbotham; but our attention was called to the improvements in various departments of this edition, many of which are highly important, and not more than the binomial theorem and imaginary quantities. In addition to these, there are many alterations; all of which may be termed improvements: so that we can again, and more than before, cordially recommend this *System* to the attention of those intrusted with the care of youth, and even to the high mathematician.

*Introduction to Phrenology,* by Dr. Macnish. (Glasgow, Symington and Co.)—A second edition, enlarged. Bravo, phrenology in hydrocephalus!

*Arithmetic Tables,* by Mr. Hart. Pp. 24.—This slight work, designed for the use of his own teaching, impresses us very favourably. Brief as it is, it goes into some useful details not always seen in more ambitious publications of the same kind; and is, consequently, a good elementary guide.

*The Elements of Botany, with Illustrations,* by Mrs. E. E. Perkins, Professor of Botanical Flower Painting. 8vo. pp. 308. (London, Hurst.)—Deservedly patronised by the Duchess of Kent, this work is at once useful and elegant. For young and for lady students of this delightful science, it is the very thing.

*Essays, Literary and Political,* by W. E. Channing. 12mo. pp. 448. (Glasgow, Henderson and Son; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.)—We have had frequent occasion to speak in high terms of Dr. Channing's abilities, as some of these *Essays* have come separately before us. For their collection together, in this neat and cheap form, we are much indebted to the publishers; who have thus given us the views of one of the most popular writers in America upon a number of very interesting subjects.

*The Sunday Scholar's Annual and Juvenile Offering,* edited by the Rev. J. Burns. Pp. 192. (London, G. Wightman.)—A well-meant little collection, in prose and verse.

*Pater's Grecian Antiquities.* 12mo. pp. 811. (London, T. Tegg.)—To have this valuable work, with notes and improved indices (by Dr. James Boyd of Edinburgh), in a single duodecimo volume, is really a triumph of cheap literature; and, when we add that it is illustrated by above 150 engravings, chiefly on wood, but some on steel, we have described a book which is eminently suited to the public patronage.

*Southey's Works of Cooper, Vol. XI.* (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—With two beautiful classical engraved subjects after W. Hargreaves, by Stocks and Goodall. This volume appropriately continues the *Iliad* to the conclusion of Book XII.

*Arctavi on the Causes and Signs of Disease.* Translated from the Greek, by T. F. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 157. (London, Pickering.)—A curious work, which shews the folly and wisdom which prevailed in medicine and among the medical faculty of ancient times. We are better informed now-a-days; but still it is a question whether some translator in the year 2000 may not find quite as much nonsense, and no more sense, in the ablest work of our times.

*Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Secret Societies of the Middle Ages.* (London, C. Knight.)—Well digested accounts of the Assassins, Templars, Secret Tribunals, must possess much popular interest; and such are the contents of this volume. In the first of these, the compiler ought to have acknowledged Dr. Wood's excellent translation of Hammer's “Geschichte,” lately published.

*A Synopsis of the Family of Naiades,* by Isaac Lea, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 60. (Philadelphia, Carey, Lea, and Co.; London, Miller.)—A very useful synopsis of this beautiful family. The *Unio spinosa* (Lea) is exquisitely engraved and coloured.

*The Book of Human Character,* by C. Bucke, Esq. Vol. II. Library of Anecdote. Pp. 340. (London, Knight.)—We noticed the first volume of this miscellany with much approbation, and the second deserves quite as good a character. Mr. Bucke has read and observed a

great deal; and the fruits are here carefully gathered, and presented in a variety of pleasant and instructive forms.

*A Companion to the Ship's Medicine Chest*, &c., by W. G. Paddy, Surgeon. Pp. 66. (London, Highley).—A small, but useful little treatise on the diseases of seamen and in tropical climates, so as to enable their officers or companions, in many cases, to alleviate their ailments, and, perhaps, preserve their lives.

*Second Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners*, &c. Pp. 656.—Contains a mass of information on the working of the new system.

*A Selection of One Thousand Latin Proscriptions*, &c., by G. Futvoeye. Pp. 173.—To enable young medical students to pass their examination, and pass Apothecaries' Hall, this is a useful little book, with every form of prescription arranged according to the London Pharmacopoeia.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary (Mr. C. C. Clarke on Chaucer and Spenser, and the 10th), 8 P.M.; Russell Institution (Mr. Serle on the Drama, and the 10th), 8 P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers. (Architectural Essay by T. H. Wyatt), 8 P.M.; Belgrave Literary. (Mr. Eisdell on Respiration, the conclusion on the 11th), 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary Conversazione, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; Islington Literary (Mr. Woodward on Polarised Light), 8 P.M.; Western Literary (Mr. Buckingham on Palestine, and three ensuing weeks), 8 P.M.

*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M. Islington Literary Meeting.

## FINE ARTS.

### PAUL MALL GALLERY.

This pretty little gallery has been recently opened for the season, with a new arrangement of such of the pictures as remained from last year's exhibition, and with a number of clever accessions. Decidedly, the most curious and valuable of the latter is, "A View of Whitehall, taken from about the spot where Richmond Terrace now stands," by Canaletti. If the gallery contained no other work of art, it would well deserve a visit. It is a highly interesting subject of contemplation, both to the artist and to the historical antiquary. To the former it presents all the peculiar qualities of Canaletti's firm and decided pencil; its tone being similar to that of the fine picture, by the same master, in the National Gallery. "The lines," as the description in the catalogue justly states, "have so much the appearance of truth, that it seems almost a production of the camera lucida; and there is evidence of its having been a favourite work with the painter, as it was retained in his possession until his quitting England, on his return to Venice, when it was sold by him to Mr. Crewe (afterwards Lord Crewe), about the year 1762, who ultimately exchanged it with Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, the father of the present proprietor." The antiquary will be pleased to find in it a representation of the old palace of Whitehall, long since removed: as well as of the buildings more recently taken down for the purpose of erecting the Treasury, the Privy Council, and other edifices on their site.

### THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(Second notice.)

11. *On the Dutch Coast; Boats going out to a Wreck*. J. Wilson.—It is wonderful how skillful art reconciles us to scenes like these. It prepares us to say, in the words of Zanga, "Horror is not unpleasant to me." We know not if Mr. Wilson be "a sailor for all weathers;" but we know that he is a painter of all weathers, and a very skillful one, too.

4. *On the Coast near Margate*. Alfred Clint.—The simplicity of form in the subject

is amply made up by the truth and ability with which the aerial perspective is painted.

217. *Evening Showers*. F. R. Lee, A.R.A.—Apparently a composition, and rather a novel feature in the artist's practice: somewhat resembling the manner of Cuyp, but without any thing like obvious imitation.

105. *The Pyrenees, from Oleron, looking towards Badens*. J. W. Allen.—The clearness of the objects in the foreground is beautifully set off by the warm glowing atmosphere, and the melting softness of the distant mountains.

196. *Sunday Morning, going to the Christening of the first Child*. P. F. Poole.—We mean no reflection on the artist, but a little more reflection in the shadows of his flesh would have given that luminous transparency so desirable to art. Mr. Poole has treated his subject with much humour. The young father and mother are evidently not a little proud of what Mrs. Norton, in one of her novels, calls "the effects of their creative ingenuity."

161. *Hungarian Ford, at Pesth, on the Danube; Pomas in the Distance*. J. C. Zeitter.—There is a grandeur in the management of this work, which gives it the air of a historical picture. The commanding figure in front, the preparation of the groups, who are about to cross, and the struggle of those who have already plunged into the torrent, fill the mind, and suggest to the imagination the idea of some bold and hazardous military enterprise.

246. *Pandy Mill, Falls of the Mochno, North Wales*. J. Stark.—The artist could hardly have found an object better calculated for the display of his well-known talents. It comprehends all the qualities which constitute the picturesque; and he has studied it with ease, and executed his work with skill.

283. *Study of an old Favourite*. C. Josi.—A brown horse, painted with such marvellous powers of deception, that the spectator is tempted to feel whether it is not a coloured alto-relievo.

280. *Sketch, for a large Picture, of the Partigios assembled round the Funeral Pile, previous to their abandoning their native soil; preferring exile to the mercy of Ali Pacha*. J. and G. Foggio.—As a composition, we have seldom seen any thing better; as an event, it is eminently calculated to excite sympathy for the sufferers, and detestation of their oppressor.

381. *Smugglers Aroused; Scene in a Hay-loft*.—We have thought it unnecessary to add the name of the artist, for our readers will immediately guess that it can be no other than H. P. Parker. He has here reached the climax of interest and excitement, of which his so oft repeated subject is capable. Nothing can exceed the character and expression of the principal smuggler: the direction of his eye to the point of danger, the firmness with which his weapon is grasped, and his determined look, all indicate the approaching fate of him whose hand alone is seen on the topmost round of a ladder from below. A female has given the alarm; and the assailant must fall. Such are the sensations with which the mind is occupied, until we turn to admire all the appropriate and skillfully painted appendages of the scene.

385. *The Pifferer*. G. S. Reynolds.—We were attracted to this little performance by its distinguished excellence in that deceptive imitation which peculiarly belongs to subjects of still-life.

399. *A Morning Ride in Gurlon Park; Portraits of Lord and Lady Suffolk, and the Hon. Miss Harbord; with Gamekeepers*. G. Clint.—We are too well aware of the difficulty of this department of art not to admire the

skill with which Mr. Clint has grouped his party. All is made subservient to the picturesque; yet, apparently, without any sacrifice of individual resemblance.

453. *The Dying Chamois Hunter*. J. M. Leigh.—In this, as in other subjects of a historical or imaginative character, Mr. Leigh displays great talent. The catastrophe of the dangerous sport is painted with a powerful pencil.

440. *Mary, widow of Louis XII. of France, receiving Charles Brandon, Ambassador from her brother, Henry VIII. of England*. W. Fisk.—Splendid in its regal character, and skillfully executed; although, perhaps, with some what too much of that peculiar light which pervades the works of De Hooghe.

(To be continued.)

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*West Indian Scenery, with Illustrations of Negro Character, the process of making Sugar, &c.* From Sketches taken during a voyage to, and residence of seven years in, the Island of Trinidad. By R. Bridgens. Jennings & Co. ALTHOUGH with very moderate merit as performances of art, the plates in this volume contain highly amusing representations of negro character and habits, and of West India scenery, architecture, and usages; and in that respect supply, as the author justly remarks, a great deficiency in the numerous works which have hitherto issued from the press, describing the West Indies. It is gratifying, also, to observe in them a confirmation of the assertion of many writers, that the black population of our colonies are, upon the whole, a merry and a happy race.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONG OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS TO OFFA, KING OF MERCA.

SEEK thou the enchanted forest bower,  
At eve's bright sun-departing hour;  
Where, 'mid her diamond-flashing cell,  
The Adelfuna loves to dwell.

Fear not to tread the hallowed shades,  
Or wander through her myrtle glades,  
Where magic flowers eternal bloom;  
And, through the midnight's deepest gloom,  
Shine like the stars of the dark-blue heaven,  
Or the sun-born splendours of the even.

Flourish her groves in fadeless green,  
Where giant plants from isles are seen,  
That lie amid the Indian sea,  
Breathing the sweets of Araby;  
And on their boughs hang fruits divine,  
Like gems, amid a rubid mine,  
Kissed by the winds, that steal their scents,  
And whisper love-like blandishments  
To every bird and every flower,  
At morn and eve's dew-freshened hour.

With varied plumes that still outgrow,  
In all its dyes, the sunlit bow,  
The minstrel birds wild measures sing,  
Where fountains joyously outfling  
Their silver treasures to each flower,  
Like prodigal in beauty's bower.

And when the moon comes wandering by,  
To keep lone vigil in the sky,  
O'er the repose of that sweet home,  
Like maiden pale o'er lover's tomb;  
Its tuneful dwellers still prolong  
The music of impassioned song,  
Mid groves of oak and lofty pine,  
Mid purple riches of the vine;  
While, like the meteors of the sky,  
Which o'er yon arch flash splendidly,

That wildly sweet nocturnal choir,  
With gem-bright wing and eye of fire,  
Illumes the blossom-crested shades,  
Which storm nor lightning o'er invades,  
Without the will of her who there  
Reigns sovereign queen o'er earth and air.

On sapphire couch, in her fairy bower,  
Sits the empress, girt with magic power;  
Nor dwells she there in pomp alone,  
A thousand shapes wait round her throne;  
Star-spirits, in their glory proud,  
Who ride upon the thunder-cloud;  
Who wake the winds from their peaceful sleep,  
And dash them on the howling deep;  
Who revel in those gulfs of flame  
That shake the world's eternal frame;  
And where the sounding mountains rise,  
Hurl fiery tempests o'er the skies;  
Who sport on the ocean's whirlpool waves,  
Where merchant and mariner find their graves;  
Whose voice along the western rocks,  
Is heard when the sheep-boy folds his flocks;  
Foretelling storm and shipwreck near,  
And making the seaman pale with fear;  
But heed thou not, for round thy head  
Our guardian wings shall be outspread.  
Invisible, perchance, may be  
Their magic queen, yet bow the knee;  
And incense cast upon the flame,  
And thrice pronounce her awful name  
When thou the altar-fire shall nigh,  
Which, to the gaze of mortal eye,  
Burns in the porch of her ruby cell,  
With brightness unendurable,  
Then will she to thy sight appear,  
The dreadful one, the female seer—  
And thy proud fate of glory tell  
"Which with Futurity doth dwell.  
Obey her mandates, do her will,  
And thy great destiny fulfil,  
So shall thy star ascendant smile,  
And thou reign chief o'er Britain's isle!"

J. FITZGERALD PENNIE.

Reginald Cottage.

#### THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

By Maurice Harcourt, Author of "Poor Law Melodies."

LOOK at the boy who gambols in the sun,  
Glad that the labours of the school are done;  
With sparkling eyes he mingles in the game,  
And, lost in "whoop," heeds not the call of fame.

Content with tops he spins away his time,  
Nor tries ambition's pinnacles to climb;  
And as to wealth, what can he wish for more?  
In marbles rich — of buttons quite a store!  
He seeks not, Titan-like, to scale the skies,  
But proudly hopes his kite aloft will rise.  
He mounts not o'er his equals' heads at will,  
Though leaping o'er their backs calls forth his skill;

And his kind play-mates can but smile to see  
The antics of this man-epitome.

Oh, happy childhood! Life's propitious  
spring!

Flowers o'er thy path-way joy delights to fling,  
Thy sky is cloudless, and thy prospects bright,  
One morn of bliss, which dreads no coming  
night.

Too soon experience, and her train of care,  
Thought, tears of anguish, hatred, and despair,  
At time's command, disturb thy peaceful reign,  
And bring with knowledge an increase of pain.

The merry urchin, fixed upon his play,  
Heeds not how swift the minutes fleet away;  
And still inclines the village-green to roam,  
When, lo! his mother comes to fetch him home.

\* We are glad to introduce a *jeu d'esprit* from the pen of this young writer, of whose merits we spoke in our last week's Notice to Correspondents.—Ed. L.G.

What pen can picture, or what language tell,  
The deep emotions which her bosom swell,  
While gazing on her healthful, joyous child,  
On whom his dying sire in sorrow smiled?  
See, she approaches — but her looks are sad,  
As she beholds her thoughtless, blithesome lad;  
Maternal love no longer can be mute,  
And thus she chides from frolic's wild pursuit:  
"Go, wipe your nose, you dirty little brute!"

#### SKETCHES.

Alexandria, 28th Nov. 1836.

PROFESSOR VON SCHUBERT arrived here yesterday, on board a ship from Smyrna; all the Germans, and especially his Bavarian countrymen, are delighted at his arrival. He is accompanied by his wife, two young physicians, from Munich, and a young painter, from Spire. They are all in excellent health, but must perform twenty-one days' quarantine; when this is expired, and he has visited this city and the environs, M. V. Schubert intends to go to Cairo, and thence to Mount Sinai.

The travelling naturalist, M. William Schimper, returned, some time ago, with rich botanical and zoological collections, from his visit to Arabia and Upper Egypt; and, though his health is rather impaired by the fatigues he has undergone, he has, without allowing himself a little repose, prepared for a journey to Abyssinia. He left Cairo on the 1st of this month; his letters are from Suez, of the 12th, whence he was to set out on the following day for Arabia. Another German traveller, Baron Von Katt, from Prussia, has left Mocha for Abyssinia; his intention is, to penetrate through the Galla country, further into the interior of Africa, and, if possible, to reach the coast of Guinea. Should he succeed in this most hazardous adventure, which is encompassed with hardships and dangers, we may expect highly interesting discoveries, as he is by no means destitute of scientific knowledge.

Another traveller, M. Gobat, who has rendered important services in Abyssinia, lately arrived at Cairo, from a second visit to that kingdom. It is deeply to be regretted, that severe sufferings have so shaken the constitution of this worthy preacher of the Gospel, that he could not remain any longer in the country. His departure may be considered as a melancholy event for Abyssinia, where his loss is irreparable; and it is neither possible nor desirable that he should go there for a third time, his illness having been owing to the effects of the climate, and, during his second visit, nearly caused his death. Mr. Wolf accompanied him to Djedda, and afforded him the kindest aid in his sufferings. Mr. Wolf intends to go back to Abyssinia another way, more to the south of Massaua. Though, on his first journey to Mr. Gobat, he became better acquainted with the obstacles which make it impossible for a traveller to penetrate into the interior of Africa, he has not yet renounced his original intention. According to the accounts of English travellers, the cholera has now penetrated into the mountainous part of Abyssinia, and many persons fell victims to it in the summer: in general, the course of the disorder was very rapid. It had not disappeared in the autumn. It is now raging, for the second time, on the coast of Arabia, at Djedda, and even at Mecca. By repeated journeys to that country, I have found that this disorder rages on the coast of Arabia as endemically, and, perhaps, even more fatally than even in India.

#### MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday, the last night of the season, Spohr's oratorio of *The Crucifixion* was produced for the first time in this country, and performed in such a manner as to reflect the highest credit on the Society. Every musician knows that Spohr's music is no child's play, and the choruses and accompanied recitatives of this work are, if we may judge from one hearing, not among the least difficult of even his compositions. *The Crucifixion* is replete with all the beauties and peculiarities of its author. It frequently reminded us of his own former works of the same class, and there were, also, slight occasional reminiscences of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart; though nothing that, according to our ideas, amounted to plagiarism, except, perhaps, the choral fugue, "Thou alone art his refuge," the subject of which is precisely that of a movement in (we believe) Hadyn's 5th mass: yet Spohr has worked it up in a manner so beautiful, and so peculiarly his own, that one cannot but pardon the theft. A tetratet for three female voices, very sweetly sung by Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Seguin, and Miss Hawes, was perseveringly demanded a second time; and the vocalists were eventually obliged to comply, though the repetition disturbed the progress of the music, and was somewhat detrimental to the effect of the succeeding recitative. We cannot think the composer has been fortunate in the *libretto* of his oratorio, especially as regards the first part. The attempt at depicting all the circumstances of the trial, with the evidence of the witnesses, and the detailed opinions of the priests and pharisees, is altogether in very bad taste. It is, also, attended with the disadvantage of introducing too many solos. At the same time, we must admit that Spohr has made this very part the vehicle of some most extraordinary and beautiful music. The work requires, like all the compositions of this master, to be heard repeatedly, before all its merits can be duly appreciated; but much beauty is developed at the first hearing; and it may be pronounced, without hesitation, that *The Crucifixion* is quite worthy the reputation of the composer of *The Last Judgment*, though not, as a whole, equal to that sublime and masterly oratorio. But it is quite enough for immortality, for a man to have produced one such work as *The Last Judgment*, in the course of his life. The performers, in addition to those already named, were Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Balfe, Bellamy, Bradbury, Moxley, E. Taylor, and Master Coward; and all exerted themselves in the most praiseworthy manner, though, for spirited and appropriate vocal elocution in the recitatives, it would be unjust not to particularise Mr. Hawkins. The best thanks of the musical public are due to the able translator of the oratorio, Mr. Edward Taylor, for the share he has had in bringing forward a work of so much merit. Q.

*Societa Armonica.* — The first dress concert of the season was given to a crowded auditory, at the Opera Concert-room, on Monday evening. The selection, from the most admired composers, was made with much discrimination, and every piece was executed in a very superior style. We consequently anticipate much delight from the future entertainments, both vocal and instrumental, and particularly from the latter.

*Quartet Concerts.* — The third of these entertainments took place on Thursday evening; and several fine compositions were finely given by Mr. Blagrove and his instrumental brethren.



### DRAMA.

THE theatres have all reopened with Easter novelties; and there is such a press that we shall content ourselves with a hasty glance at each, premising that there has been no failure.

*Drury Lane* has revived *Valentine and Orson* with great splendour; and it draws its quota of play-going folks. Mr. Barnett's opera alternates with Mr. Forrest.

*Covent Garden*.—A gorgeous Eastern piece, entitled *Nourheddin and the Fair Persian*, has drawn good houses: it is an entertaining piece of the kind, and exhibits much beautiful scenery.

*St. James's*.—Mrs. S. C. Hall has turned dramatist in earnest; a serious drama from her pen, called *Mabel's Curse*, was produced on Monday, and afforded an opportunity for the display of some beautiful acting by Miss Allison, and for the reappearance of Miss P. Horton, who, notwithstanding her former well-earned popularity, is decidedly improved from her trip to Edinburgh.

The *Olympic* has added its novelty, *The Rape of the Lock*, founded on the poem of that name, to the list: it was completely successful, as it deserved to be, for the manner in which it is got up.

*Adelphi*, not at all behind its contemporaries, has two new pieces: one, of the spectacle kind, called *The King of the Danube and the Water Lily*, a pretty French importation, which displays Mrs. Honey as the *Water Lily*, and the *corps de ballet* as other *nudes*, is beautifully got up, and will long continue to flow on successfully; the other, *Ruth Tudor*, is an Adelphi piece, in which Mrs. Yates adds even to her reputation by her beautiful acting.

*Strand Theatre*.—The company of Messrs. Hammond and Jerrold, with several valuable additions, have returned to their old quarters, and commenced their season with the *Galante Showman*, a drama from a story of Jerrold's, and, we believe, from his pen, being the only novelty. *The Perils of Pippins* was the after-piece; and we were glad to hear it so cordially welcomed.

*The New Royal City Theatre*, in Norton-Falgate, commenced its campaign on Monday, with a rather indifferent company; redeemed, however, by Williams and Wilkinson, though their parts in the *Pickwick* piece did not fit them quite well. It is an elegant structure, rather larger than the Adelphi, and reflects much credit on the architect, Mr. Beazley.

*Astley's*.—Sir Walter Scott is the donor of the spectacle here, which has been highly successful in equestrianism. The conquests of *Ivanhoe* are capitally managed at the amphitheatre.

*Surrey, and Sadler's Wells, and Victoria, and Pavilion, and Garrick, &c.*, have all their varieties; and, at the different parts of our mighty metropolis, add their little to the great all of amusement at Easter-time.

### VARIETIES.

*The Pleasures of Editorship*.—On Wednesday morning we received twenty-three volumes of new publications; to all which, however, together with their prede- and successors, we shall render justice as soon as possible.

*Weather-Wisdom*.—The last week has not answered the predictions very satisfactorily. The 26th was not merely gloomy and cold, but a heavy snow-storm; and from all parts of the country we have accounts of a long-continued and severe storm. The 31st was not "changeable," but a fine, though rather cold day. Now

for April: "Changeable weather at the beginning. Very frequent showers about the 3d. The new moon (5th) denotes windy weather; and Mercury in trine to Jupiter and Mars will produce very high winds about the 6th and 7th."

*British Manufacture*.—On Tuesday was entered at the Custom House, on board the *Miranda*, Captain Hopper, for Rio de Janeiro, two carriages, built for the two princes of the Brazils, by Messrs. Birch and Howard. The magnificence of these carriages may be guessed when we state, that, with the harness, they were valued by the broker at 15,000*l*. The export duty alone, at 10*s*. per cent, amounting to the sum of 75*l*., was paid on the entry being passed.

*The Colosseum* is now in high figure among the sights of London; and Sutton, the conjuror, is really so marvellous that we dare not describe his feats. They must be witnessed to be believed.

*The Cosmorama*, in Regent Street, is also flourishing with new subjects, of which we purpose giving a more detailed notice.

*Ants*.—Fish-oil is stated, in a French paper, to be an effectual remedy against the deprecations of ants.

*Isaac Walton*.—An original portrait of this piscatory hero, by Housman, has been bequeathed to the National Gallery by his descendant, the late Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Salisbury.

*Earthquake*.—The Quebec newspapers state that a rather severe shock of an earthquake was recently experienced there.

*Mr. Charles Nicholson*, the celebrated flute-player, died on Monday, at the early age of 42.

*Progress of Knowledge*.—It is a new era to find that the Grand Seigneur has established a medical school at Pera, with lectures, by European teachers, to Turkish students. The ulema's opposed this strange innovation, but finally assented to it, on an understanding, that only the bodies of Christians and Jews should be brought as subjects to the dissecting-rooms for the study of anatomy.—*Constantinople Letter, in the Times of March 1*.

*Captain Allan*, who was on his way to explore the regions of central Asia, we lament to say, died at Smyrna.—*Idem*.

*China*.—The dénoûment of the Chinese change recently brought before the public in our pages, is proceeding rapidly. Calcutta papers of November 21, state, as news from Canton, that the Chinese government had resolved to carry into effect measures by which the principle of "free trade and moderate duties" was partially recognised, and to begin with the important article of opium; and later papers contain a decree, ordering the barbarian Jardine (the great house of Jardine, Matheson, and Co.) and other merchants, to leave Canton, and only to stay a short while at Macao.

*Antiquities of Carthage: Extract from a Letter on board the Vanguard*.—We have been to Tunis since I last wrote to you, and I visited and took sketches of the ruins of Carthage, which are very interesting. Sir Thomas Reid, our consul there, has commenced excavating the ruins, and has been very successful hitherto, having discovered a number of beautiful Corinthian columns, supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter: the shafts are quite plain, but the capitals are beautifully worked, and as perfect as if they were just finished. He has, also, found a colossal head of Jupiter, and his big toe, and a small hand of Ceres, holding a cornucopia. His collection of coins is also, I understand, very beautiful, and must be very

valuable, as some of them are 2000 years old.—*Oxford Herald*.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The History of England, by Thomas Keightley, Author of "The History of Greece," &c.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen, by G. P. R. James, Vol. IV. (forming Vol. 89 of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), 8vo. 6*s*.—An Elementary Introduction to Mineralogy, by W. Phillips, new edit., with additions, by R. Allan, post 8vo. 12*s*.—The Cambridge University Calendar for 1837, 12mo. 6*s*.—Erris in the Irish Highlands and the Atlantic Railway, by P. Knight, C. E., 12mo. 5*s*.—The Candidate for the Ministry, a Course of Lectures, by Rev. J. H. Pindar, M.A. 5*s*. 6*d*.—Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, by Dr. J. McCulloch, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 16*s*.—Reports and Documents on the Culture of Cotton Wool, Raw Silk, &c. in India, 8vo. 12*s*.—The Complete Correspondent, consisting of Original Letters, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.—Essays, Literary and Political, by W. E. Channing, 12mo. 6*s*.—The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, 12mo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Conciliament, a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's Old Testament, with Commentary, Part II., 8vo. 3*s*.—The Parlor Book; or, Conversations on Sciences and the Arts, by W. Martin, 16mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.—A Little Book for Little Readers, royal 32mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.—Family Library, Vol. LXIII.; Sketches of Imposture, Deception, &c., 12mo. 5*s*.—Austria and the Austrians, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.—West Indian Scenery, by R. Bridges, imperial 4to. 1*l*. 10*s*.—Peagee for the People, by W. Carpenter, 12mo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Evidence on the Aborigines, 8vo. 6*s*.—The Felony of New South Wales, by James Mudie, 16*s*. 6*d*.—Piso and the Prefect; or, the Ancients off their Sticks, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—Heath's Sporting Alphabet, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. plain, 5*s*. 6*d*. coloured.—Account of an Expedition to the Interior of New Holland, edited by Lady Fitzroy, post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—England under Seven Administrations, by A. Fonblanque, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.—Tithes Commutation Tables, with Notes, &c., by W. Palgrave Simpson, Esq. 4*s*. 6*d*.—Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 23	From 19 to 39	29.68 to 29.66
Friday .... 24	.... 15 .. 38	29.65 .. 29.75
Saturday .. 25	.... 23 .. 41	29.74 .. 29.81
Sunday .... 26	.... 34 .. 45	29.75 .. 29.71
Monday .... 27	.... 15 .. 40	29.69 .. 29.82
Tuesday .. 28	.... 27 .. 47	29.69 .. 29.82
Wednesday 29	.... 31 .. 50	29.68 .. 29.65

Winds, S.W. and W. by N.  
On the 24th, 25th, and 27th, generally cloudy; snow on the evening of the 26th, accompanied with hail; rain at times on the 29th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As your Gazette is the medium for all kinds of useful information, I am induced to trouble you with this note, in hope I may be able to interest you in a circumstance which has recently occurred, and in the result of which I am, in common with several friends, very much disappointed. The fact is, that Messrs. Williams and Co., paper-stainers, in West Smithfield, having lately made some excavations to enlarge their underground premises, the workmen employed for this purpose came suddenly upon a long succession of stone arches, in which were several chains, and some human bones, mixed up with those of animals; the vaults, which range from opposite Messrs. W.'s house towards Long Lane, were found to terminate in a very ponderous iron door, the party in whose service the discovery was made, being, I presume, more incurious than the lover of antiquity would think praiseworthy, and having, perhaps, fears that his workmen would be exploring monkish remains instead of perfecting modern decorations,—without affording the chance of a glimpse to antiquarian curiosity, has caused the entrance to be closed with bricks; and, unless some one has sufficient influence with this reckless paper-stainer to induce him to reopen his neglected treasure, an excellent opportunity may be lost for illustrating some difficulties with relation to the history of London, and the craving of many a lover of new fragments of the old world will remain unsatisfied. Perhaps, Sir, if you will be good enough to notice this hidden discovery, public knowledge of the circumstance may induce Mr. Williams to allow inspection of his occult treasure; and you will oblige, Sir, yours, &c. J. S.

Notwithstanding all our diligence with the new publications of the last few days, we have been obliged to defer the notice of Sharon Turner's third volume of the "Sacred History of the World;" Guizot's "General History of Civilisation in Europe;" "Austria and the Austrians," and several other works. We are not gods, to "annihilate both time and space."

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION,

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Professorship of German Language and Literature being vacant, Applications from Candidates for the Appointment will be received on or before Friday, the 5th of May.

CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary.

30th March, 1857.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in Theology, the Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, and History, under the superintendence of the Principal and Professors, the Rev. T. G. Hall, R. W. Brown, and T. Dale, will be re-opened on Tuesday next, the 4th of April.

The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental, and other Foreign Languages, will also be resumed.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in the School will be re-opened on the same day, at Nine o'clock, A.M.

March 2, 1857. H. J. ROSE, B.D. Principal.

## COFFEE.—S. PARKER having perfected

his Patent Steam Coffee Pot, so conveniently recommends it to the public. It produces, and economically and rapidly, over an open fire, an extract of Coffee, more aromatic in quality and delicious in flavour than can be made by any other machine. Every variety, with printed testimonials of its advantages, may be seen at No. 12 Argyl Place, Regent Street; where also, are on sale, his Patent Indian, Argyl, and original Siamum Coffee.

## THE MUMMY FROM MEMPHIS.

GIOVANNI D'ATHANASI, respectfully informs the Public that this extraordinary Mummy, and the only one of the kind ever discovered, will be Unrolled in the Great Room, at Exeter Hall, on the Evening of Monday, the 10th of April, on which occasion Mr. Pettigrew has kindly consented to render his assistance. The Mummy may be seen at the house of Mr. Leigh Sotheby, where Tickets may be procured.

Reserved seats round the Mummy, 6s.; Platform, 4s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

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